

THE STORM,

A CANTATA Sung by M^{rs} W^m HAYES,

The Poetry by EDMUND BROWN,

The Music Composed and Dedicated to

M^{rs} Robert Bellwright,

By

THE CHEVALIER SIGISMUND NEUKOMM.

London, Published by Cramer, Adelphi & Regd.

201 REGENT STREET

of which may be had by the same Author

David's Lament for Absalom

A Love Song

Midnight Rambles

King David

The Fair Song to his Wife

Wise!

and

Appleton's Midnight Rambles

STORY AND
SIR WALTER

THE STORY.

*the Party of
the Guardsmen sing*

*the Chorus sing
the Guardsmen sing*

VIVACE

RECITATIVE

Cease, oh cease! thou raging billow!

For my true love's on the sea.

Must I

drop then like the willow,
Must he die away from me?

Tempo I^{mo}

Oh! God of Storm!

If this night's weather sick high beneath the sun - o'er

waves, Oh! let me and my babe to - gether go

down, go down in slumber, in slumber to the grave!

Andantino.

She kiss'd her Chin - - - - - and - - - - -

And on his forehead left her tear, her tear, When, at a sudden gust recollecting, The

lads look'd up, and clung for fear, Come,

17
and my child! we'll seek our pillow, And try to lose the stars in

sleep, in sleep! Near thy dear cheek for - get the pillow. And in thy

kiss for - get to weep. And in thy kiss for - get for -

get to weep.

poco raff.

122

Now day - day - or -

123

buds dislo - sing In ev - ning's calm and twi - light shade.

124

Fold - ed in love, they lay re - po - sing. Lake slopes, by a

125

Sculp - tor made And all was

bound, like death's own stillness. The storm had wakened by a spell

Vivace

When from a Death's-hand pallid chillness, Calm on her bosom these

Andante

Sea - deeps fell

Trumpet. Trombone. Violin.

marble cold in Death's bourn. As cold her ha - li's Cherub form, That

moment lost her William's eyes,
the ship had perished, the ship had

(*perished in the storm!*)

Andante.

Let all at once

the... besides, all... others, all... strange of His breast

Hav'n' hear the Good mid-star-my

p JP

weather, Hav'n' hear the Good mid-star-my

the

The

dote

smile, the smile in his dead cheek was left, The smile, the

P

P

and in hot dead cheek was left. For all three saw their
poco più mosso

God, their God to - geth'rt. For all three saw their
 God, their God to - geth'rt.

Adagio